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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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LEGAL NOTICES will be inserted at 12½ cents per line.

I KNOW A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

I know a beautiful woman,
But she's not of "sweet sixteen;"
Full sixty winters have come and gone,
The "Now" and "Then" between.
Yet every year hath added
A something so fair and true,
That to me she's the sweetest woman
I think that I ever knew.

Her eye may be dimmer growing,
It hath lost the glance of youth,
But up from the inner fountains
It is flashing love and truth;
Her cheeks have not all the freshness
Of the rosebud's glowing red;
The purity of the lily,
Full-blown, has come in its stead.

And her voice is low and soothing
As the hum of summer bees,
Or twilight rustling 'mong the corn,
Or the song of autumn trees.
She moves with a grace so gentle
Among the garden bowers,
A brighter radiance than their own
Seems falling on her flowers.

All over her face of beauty
There are lines of days gone by—
Of holy loves and earnest hopes
That have wrought there patiently;
They are lovlier far than dimples,
For I know that each was given
To mark the years of dutiful life
That have fitted her for heaven.

I never think of that woman
But my heart throbs high with love,
And I ask "Can she be more beauteous
In the blissful realms above;"
I can scarcely in my dreaming
See her face more fair and bright,
She seems to me now, with her radiant brow,
A spirit of love and light.

The poet may sing his praises
Of the glow of "sweet sixteen;"
But there's a holier beauty
Of sixty-five, I ween;
For the girlish face that's moulded
By a true and loving heart,
Will brighten as the heart throbs on,
Refinseling every part.

Monsieur Duhamel's Portrait.

Louis Nerac, a gay Parisian, about thirty-five years old, was seated one April morning near noon, outside the cafe de Paris, smooking his after breakfast cigar and reflecting sadly and dreamily upon the vagabond sort of life he was compelled to lead. Here and there, in his glossy black beard and hair, a line of silver grey was to be seen, and rheumatic twinges began to trouble him from time to time; in fact, he was fast slipping beyond the prime of life, hastened on, too, by the career which his position of a wealthy Parisian bachelor, necessarily compelled him to pursue.

'I must get married,' he mentally exclaimed; and his thoughts constantly reverted to the differant marriageable ladies of his acquaintance.

An April sun exercises as curious an influence on the human brain, as the first kisses of spring upon the circulation of sap in tree-trunks and flower stems; but as chilling frosts accompanying the warm sunshine, so did a rawwind, despite the sun's bright rays, chill Nerac to his bones, and cause him to sneeze.

'God bless you,' sweetly murmured a lady who was passing rapidly by.—Glancing at the utterer of this exclamation, he noticed that she was tastefully and elegantly attired. As she stepped over a gutter and lifted her dress, displaying a beautifully turned ankle, he followed after her in the direction of the Madeleine.

'There is an ankle that I would willingly marry,' tho't Nerac; 'but does it belong to a young girl, widow, or has some brute of a husband a partial right to it? Parbleu! I will follow her to the Place de Concorde if necessary to ascertain. But, bah! I have not seen her face, and she may be ugly as a hag.'

Suddenly turning to speak to a beautiful little Italian greyhound, which was bounding frantically about her, she disclosed a countenance full of charms.

'She is adorable,' said Nerac; I will follow to the Barriere de l'Etoile, even.'

Turning again, she so excited his admiration, that he added:

'Yes, even to the bridge of Neuily, which to an inhabitant of the Boulevard de Gand, was equivalent to saying, 'to the end of the world.'

Fortunately for Nerac, the lady did not lead him so far in his pursuit. Turning into the Rue de la Ville, she called to her greyhound, 'Follette, here, Follette,' and entered a spacious mansion in that street.

Louis, with a smile on his lips, and a five franc piece in his hand, approached a commissionaire who was standing a little farther on, and asked him:

'Do you know the lady who resides in that house?'

'I do,' was the reply.

'Her name?'

'Madame Duhamel.'

'Is she married?' he again asked.

'She is a widow,' replied the commissionaire.

'Does she riside alone?, he again queried.

'She resides with an old lady—her aunt I think.'

'Does she ride out often?' continued Nerac.

'Every day,' he replied, 'when the weather is fine, and always accompanied by her little dog Follette, to which she is most passionately attached.

Louis Nerac went at once to the house, and ringing the bell, gave his card to the Concierge, who opened to him the entrance of this garden of Hesperides, and asked if he could see Madame Duhamel. He was shown into an elegant furnished saloon, decorated with several splendid paintings, conspicuous among them a portrait whose frame was draped with crape, the counterfeit presentiment of the defunct Duhamel. Madame Duhamel politely asked him to be seated, and waited for him to explain the object of his visit.

'Madame,' said Nerac, after a long silence, 'you do not seem to recognize me?'

'No, sir,' she quietly replied.

'Not at all?,

'Not in the least.'

'Were you not promenading the Boulevard a short time since?'

'Yes, sir, I was.'

'And yet you do not recognize me?'

'I do not.'

'Do you remember saying, 'God bless you?'

'Perhaps I did,' she replied smilingly, 'but I have no recollection of it.'

'Well, Madame, you did utter that expression, and you made that pious and charitable wish in my behalf.'

Madame Duhamel gazing at her visitor in astonishment, exclaimed,

'Admitting, Monsieur, that I did, what does it prove?'

'What does it prove?' reiterated Nerac.

'Certainly,' replied the widow: 'you were suffering undoubtedly from a severe cold; I passed by you; you sneezed; I made use of the common place, polite ejaculation, customary in such cases, of 'God bless you!' What could be more natural?'

'Then, Madame, I am to understand that you cast this expression at me as you would throw a sou into a beggar's hat.'

'Precisely,' she haughtily replied.

'Ah, Madame, what a cruel deception.'

'Deception, sir,' replied the young widow; 'I do not understand you; explain.'

'I thought—I dared to believe—I hoped—indeed, I still hope—' stammered Nerac.

Madame Duhamel immediately rose and said' 'You must excuse me, sir, from listening to you longer.'

'But,' pleaded Louis, 'will you not permit me to call from time to time to see you and inquire after your health?'

'My health fortunately is good, and I receive only my friends.'

'Let me,' exclaimed Nerac gallantly, 'become one of them; to secure such happiness, I would brave a thousand dangers.'

Madam Duhamel made no reply, but ringing the bell for her servant, said to her as she entered the room, 'Marietta, show this person to the door.'

During the next three weeks, Louis called in the Rue de la Ville a dozen times at least, leaving his card each time. The day he left his twelfth card, he muttered a great oath through his heavy moustache, as he turned from the door.

'I begin,' said he, 'to be desperately enamored by the pretty widow, who still refuses to receive me; and marry her I will, or revenge myself on her only love, that whelp, Follette."

'I have it. Victory shall be mine, and not a hair of Follette will I have to injure.'

Stepping into a store near by, he obtained a large lump of sugar, which he attached to a long cord, and hastened to the Garden of the Tuilleries, where the young widow was accustomed to walking every afternoon. Seating himself behind one of the large trees on the Terasse des Fenillians, he awaited her arrival. She, accompanied by her inseparable Follette, soon arrived, and sat down on the accustomed bench. Louis, by a stragetic use of his sugar decoy, drew Follette away from her mistress to a gateway, but a short distance off, and seizing her jumped into a carriage, and hastened to his lodgings, the noise of the wheels rattling on the pavement of the Lue Castigione, drowning the piteous cries and moans of the cherished Follette, he had so carefully entrapped.

Follette's disappearance was a great affliction to the widow. She advertised her loss in all the journals of the day, and even had handbills, offering a munificent reward, posted on all the walls and fences in the neighborhood. Two weeks elapsed, and Madame was almost inconsolable for her loss, until one day Nerac called upon her, leading Follette by a cord.

'Follette! here is Follette,' exclaimed the servant who answered Nerac's ring, and ran instantly to acquaint the widow of the greyhound's safe return.

Madame's joy was mingled with surprise on seeing Nerac; embracing her, dog, she inquired of her adorer where he had found her pet.

'Some two hundred leagues from here he replied.

'Two hundred leagues!' said the astonished widow.

'Yes. Poictiers is two hundred leagues from Paris. Learning that your greyhound had been stolen by a dilligence conductor, and conveyed thither, I, immediately on the receipt of the information, posted down there and recove ed your cherished Follette, Happy Follette,' he murmured, 'to possess such a mistress.'

'You must have incurred considerable expense,' said Madame Duhamel, hesitatingly.

'A mere bagatelle' said Nerac.

'But if I cannot offer you a reward for your services, I must certainly fully repay you,' continued the widow.

'Madame' said Nerac as if hurt, 'my profession is not that of a dog catcher, and the question of recompense or restitution need not be mentioned in this affair. I am already sufficiently repaid and rewarded by your kind wish of some months ago, that God would bless me, and if you will only receive me as a friend, as an acquaintance hereafter, I shall feel myself indeed blessed.'

'By and by,' said she smilingly. 'How is your cold now.'

'The blessing that you evoked in my favor, Madame, effectually cured me. Indeed I have not sneezed since.

From this time forward, Nerac was on the list of Madame's visiting acquaintances, and she found on inquiry that he was a gentleman worthy of admission to her saloons.

Louis soon observed, however, with considerable delight, that the crape was removed from her deceased husband's portrait. One morning in June, Madame Duhamel announced to Nerac that she intended going to her country residence to pass several months. Nerac determined to thwart this intention, as he could not bear to be separated so long from the charming widow; he found, too, that in the interim of her absence, some one else might carry off the prize he was so anxious to obtain for himself.

Follette mysteriously disappeared on the day that had been fixed for the widow's departure. Madam Duhamel had recourse as before to advertising and to handbills, and sincerely bewailed the loss of her dear little pet. Nerac called every evening and announced to the afflicted widow the wearisome, fruitless searches he had been making through the day. She, touched by his zeal in her behalf, thanked him heartily for his presistent efforts to recover the lost greyhound, and Louis was gladdened to see that the portrait of the defunct was removed to the dining room.

Fully persuaded that Follette was lost to her forever, Madame Duhamel renewed her preparations for departure. Nerac desired her to wait yet a little longer.

'Wait? why wait?' said the widow, 'I will never see poor Follette again.'

'Who knows?' said Nerac, mysteriously.

'Monsieur Nerac,' said the widow; 'you have news of my poor lost hound—do not deceive me—do you know if she lives?'

'Really,' he replied; 'but, would you like to have her image once more, even if she be dead?'

'What, stuffed?'

'No, painted.'

'Painted, and by whom?'

'By me. But, painting as I do, without a model, and from her recollection only, it will necessarily consume considerable time to furnish you the picture; yet if you will defer your departure two weeks, I will engage to present you by that time, with a life-like portrait of Follette.'

At the appointed time, Nerac brought the promised picture, which, by the way, he had painted from life by Jaden, the French Landscer, and he was delighted to find that the portrait of Monsieur Duhamel was removed to the ante room.

The denoument can be easily divined, Instead of joining her aunt in the country, Madame Duhamel wrote to her to return to Paris, and Louis Nerac was married to the handsome widow a short time after. Among the wedding presents he sent her was Follette herself, alive and well, wrapped in a splendid Indian Cashmere.

And now when you pass along the Quai Conti, some day, look into the window of some of the second hand shops that line it, and you will see a portrait on canvass, without a frame, grimy, dusty, and cracked by the glaring rays of the Paris sun. It is, alas, the portrait of Monsieur Duhamel, deceased.

The Outside Passenger.

Some years ago a young lady who was going into a northern county in England took a seat in a stage coach. For many miles she rode alone: but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was travelling to his seat. At midday the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed and sat down also. The young lady arose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, "There is an outside passenger! I cannot dine with an outside passenger!" The stranger bowed saying, "I beg your pardon madam! I can go into another room," and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going, but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned and was answered: "As soon as we have attended to his Lordship we will come to you.

A few words of explanation ensued, and to her dismay she saw the outside passenger with whom she thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman of whose family she hoped to become an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt very ill and the apology sent for her not appearing that evening was more than pretence.

The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun, "We must not let the night pass thus," said he to the countess. You must send for her, and we must talk to her before bed-time." He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his grandchildren to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong, and when the right impression appeared to be produced gave her his hand. That man was a nobleman.

THE SPASMODIC STYLE AND THE ALLUSIVE STYLE.—A writer who has occasion, for instance, to record that he bought a pair of gloves at a shop in the Strand. See, a haberhasher's shop. Let us enter. On the right, a counter. In front, a chair. Behind it, a smiling shopman. Mustachioed, of course. I sit down. A pair of gloves, if you please. Light yellow. Will I try these? Too large. Will I try a second pair? Too small. A third. A wriggle, a thrust, a struggle; they are on! That will do. Three and tenpence, did you say? Thank you sir. Any other article? I rise and resume my umbrella. Once more we are in the Strand!" What can be more dreadful than the forced levity, the jaunty insolence of this kind of composition, or rather decomposition! One longs to exclaim with Hamlet, "Leave thy damnable faces and begin again!" Tell us what thou hast to say, if anything thou hast; and if not hold, thy peace.

The chief characteristic of the alusive style is an assumption that in knowledge and intellect the reader is exactly on a level with the writer, and that, consequently, it is unnecessary for the latter to say plainly what he means—the slightest hint being sufficient to convey his thought to the sympathetic brain of the other; as though the most important function of critical and didatic writing were not to convey information or instruction from one who is qualified to teach to another who desires to learn, but to prove to the reader that know what he may, the writer knows it, too.

A New Infernal Machine.

Gen. Allen has received from St. Louis an infernal machine, which, from its ingenious construction and destructible power, is calculated to do much damage. To the outward eye the machine is simply a common hand valise, such a one as may be found in the possession of any traveller who carries no more than a single change of clothing in his wanderings. Opening the valise, in one side a common eight day-clock, without hands, is exposed to view. It is curiously embedded in rims stuffed with tow so as to smother the sound of the working of the delicate machinery. Around the rim, tow, saturated with strong combustible fluids, is closely packed. The second half of the valise contains nothing but this same combustible material. A tube of powder, connecting a vessel of fluid, is firmly attached to one of the rims. A trigger, igniting a match, is connected with the tube. The clock is wound up, and set to run down and explode the combustibles at any distinguished hour between one and twelve. The valise is closed, and the timepiece occupies the center of the contents inside. At the designated moment a string attached to a trigger is pulled by the rebound of a spring, the match ignites, an explosion ensues, and a sheet of flame is scattered for yards around. The combustibles burn with great fury and power, and nothing but an application of sand can smother the flames.

The machine in possession of Gen. Allen was placed in the Government building at St. Louis by some scoundrel, expecting to ensure its destruction. Fortunately the explosion attracted a squad of soldiers, who, with great difficulty, succeeded in extinguishing the flames before much damage had been done. The invention is the most dangerous that has yet been brought to light. There is no doubt that the disastrous fires that recently occurred in our city were caused through this destructive agency. Its outward appearance is such to excite no suspicion, and may safely be carried by any traveller. The simple setting of it in a building, with machinery in running order, may cause an explosion and terrible conflagration in the most unsuspected quarters, and at the most quiet hour of night. There is scarcely any sure way to guard against accidents by this infernal contrivance.—*Louisville Journal.*

CAMP LIFE.—This camp life has its quaint lights and shades. It develops and brings boldly out all the good and bad qualities of men—all their virtues and their vices. Here the gentle and generous nature performs its mission of good for others. Here the firm will and stout heart of the physically weak rise superior and assert their dignity over the man of coarse nature. Strange associations are formed in camp; warm, sincere, and enduring friendship springs up between men, and will be remembered and cherished through life. Charity takes a broader range in camp; heart meets heart in all its longings; strangers from a distance meet to become friends and brothers; tent shares its bread and its bottle with tent next door, and the faults and follies of men are judged in a more generous and Christian spirit than that which rules in higher places. Here every man tells the story of his life's love and disappointment. Here, over a pipe, after taps, the man who has roamed over the world in search of fortunes, relates his strange adventures to his listening companions, whose sympathy he touches and whose bounty he is bound to share, for the world's unfortunates always find a warm friend in the true soldier. In camp, as our army is composed, rich and poor meet in the ranks as equals, and the educated and the ignorant find shelter under one tent. They are here as brothers, enlisted for a purpose, to stand shoulder to shoulder against a fierce enemy, and fight to preserve the very life of their country. And the arm finds strength when sure that true friends are near.—*"Story of a Trooper."*

CALLING THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES. In his late speech at the meeting in Faneuil Hall in commemoration of the victories at Mobile and Atlanta, Ex-Governor Boutwell remarked—"I declare here that the proposition for a cessation of hostilities is moral and political treason." Probably some of the audience thought this an extravagant statement; but, if we will consider it well, it is the simple truth. This is not a war of an administration to carry out this or that policy, in regard to which there may fairly be a difference of opinion among loyal citizens, but it is a war of government for the very life of government, and the man who cries out "cease!" while government is defending its life against banded traitors, and while the failure of a timely blow may give them the victory,—that man is the aider and abettor of traitors, and a traitor himself. There is no escape from this logical conclusion. Idle to say, "You have failed with the sword—now let Horatio and Fernando negotiate." Negotiations have been contemptuously spurned by the libericide rebels, and any suspension of the contest *now* must be for their benefit and not for ours. Well may it be affirmed, therefore, that those who favor a cessation of hostilities are, either consciously or unconsciously, traitors.

Somnambulism.

A writer in the *Home Journal* relates the following remarkable case, taken from the French *Encyclopaedia*:

"Perhaps the most interesting case on record, is that of a young clergyman, the narrative of which is from the immediate communication of the Archbishop of Bordeaux. The young ecclesiastic, when the prelate was at the same college, used to rise every night and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition, the bishop betook himself several nights, consecutively, to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observations:—

"This young clergyman used to rise, take paper, and begin to write. Before writing music, he would take a stick and rule the lines. He wrote the notes with the corresponding words, both with the utmost accuracy; or when, by chance, he had written the words to wide, he altered them. After completing a sermon, he would read it aloud, from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other. On one occasion, in order to ascertain whether he used his eyes, the bishop interposed a piece of paistboard between his face and the writing. The sleeper took not the least notice, but went on writing as before. The limitations of his perceptions to what he was thinking about were very curious. A piece of aniseseed cake, that he had sought for, he ate approvingly; but when on another occasion, a piece of the same cake was put in his mouth, he spate it out. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it; and if they adroitly changed his paper when he was writing, he knew it; if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and in that case he seemed embarrassed. But, if the fresh sheet of paper, which was substituted for that written on was exactly the same size with it, he appeared not to be aware of the change; and he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paas fluently as when the manuscript lay before him; nay, more, he would continue his corrections, and introduce an amended passage, writing it upon the precise place in the blank sheet corresponding with that which it would have occupied on the already written page.

"Such are the feats of somnambulism! The ecclesiastic, indeed, seems at first to have seen through a sheet of pasteboard; but the concluding fact in his case shows that he really used his perception only to identify the size and place of the sheet of paper. His writing upon it was the mechanical transcript of an act of *mental* penmanship. The corrections fell into the right places on the paper, owing to the fidelity with which he retained the mental picture, his attention being exclusively concentrated on that one operation."

VARIETIES OF DIET.—The Shetland Islanders will not eat crabs or lobsters; the Italians eat cockchafers; gipsies eat hedgehogs, and French whalers, whales; Australian natives eat frogs, snakes, moths, and grubs, but they will not touch oysters; South Sea Islanders will not drink goat's or cow's milk, but they will eat dogs and rats; the Chinese eat dogs, rats, earthworms, small live crabs and sea slugs; South American creoles and Indians would not at one time eat turtle; the ancient Romans ate asses' flesh and snails; Tartars eat horseflesh; Jews and Mahomedans will not eat pork, nor Hindoos beef; The Viennese eat live wood ants; the West Indians eat iguana, and the Africans and South Americans eat monkeys and alligators; snails are eaten in Southern Europe; the New Zealanders steep maize in water until it is putrid and make it into porridge and then eat it.

SMALL HOME FAULTS.—Homes are more often darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very similar magnitude, yet it is easier to grapple with the other. The Eastern traveler may combine his forces and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path; but he can scarcely escape the mosquitos that infest the air he breathes or the fleas that swarm in the sand he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice, the slave to dress and extravagance, her beseting sin; but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, the rude dogmatic manners, and the hundred nameless negligences that spoil the beauty of association, have rarely done other than proceed till the action of disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the currents of affection from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track over which the mere skeleton of the companionship stalks alone.

DON'T WRITE POETRY.—Irenæus, who writes for the *Observer*, "under the trees," gives young rhymers a fragment of advice thus:

If you cannot help it, if it sings in your head and will be heard, why then there is no other way but to put it upon paper and send it to the printer. But try to help it if you can. There are only two or three poets alive at any one time. A great poet makes and marks an age; and poor poets, or those who think they are poets and are not, are plenty as blackberries. Every hamlet has its poetaster. Oh! how much valuable white paper is spoiled by people who think they can write poetry and cannot. Rhymes are not poetry. Verse is not poetry. You may make correct verse with faultless rhymes, and there is not a gleam of poetry in it. Poetry requires a peculiar faculty, the imagination; and you may have genius, sense, learning and the power of expression, so as to write prose to rival Burke or Johnson, and after all may make yourself ridiculous by trying your hand at poetry. Write prose.

PENMANSHIP.—In China penmanship and the art of composition are inseparable, and the man who can put his thoughts into choice language and a perspicuous arrangement is also able to adorn the same with excellent characters. In China the learned man uses a kind of running hand in making his draft, that the current of his reflections may not be impeded. After the draft has been read and revised he takes a fresh pencil, and writes it out in fair characters, that the penmanship, learning, and skill in the arrangement of words, may all combine to give value and beauty to his production. The Japanese, who imitate the Chinese in many things, and in past times drew their literature from thence, set a value upon rapidity and grace in the use of the pencil. Their characters have the nature of an alphabet, but they were derived from Chinese symbols, and so are susceptible of the same kind of finished execution. Their running hand is a perpetual flourish, and so difficult to read, from the eccentric playfulness with which it is executed, that a native has frequently to pore over it for a time before he can follow the sense. All literary men in Japan as in China, can write a good hand; and even those who have acquired only the first principles of the art are adepts in the use of the pencil. It would redound to our own credit and our comfort, if, while we are laboring to write Latin, Greek, and English, with idiomatic grace and grammatical purity, we were to give a little more care to the improvement of our penmanship.

SALE OF LINDENWALD.—'Lindenwald,' the country seat of the late ex-President Van Buren, has recently been sold by the Hon. John Van Buren, its late proprietor, to a broker in New York, for about $36,000. The property consists of about 300 acres of the best quality of farming land. The grounds around the mansion are laid out with taste; and the garden, which is large contains the choicest of fruit, while an extensive hot-house is filled with fruit from every clime.

DESTRUCTION OF HORSES DURING THE WAR.—Dr. Turner, formerly Chief Veterinary Surgeon of the army, states that, in the Eastern Department alone, 3,000 horses per month, consequently 36,000 per year, perish, and an equal number are condemned. The loss in the Eastern Department alone amounts therefore to 72,000 horses, and we are fully justified in estimating the annual loss of horses, during our civil war, on the side of the Federal army, to 200,000.

SAD CATASTROPHE AT A FUNERAL.—At Port Allegany, Pennsylvania, a few days ago, a funeral procession was passing over a bridge to bury a child of Mr. George Moore, when the bridge gave way, and precipitating the mourners into the water, another child belonging to Mr. Moore was drowned, together with three of his brothers children, and one or two other lives were lost.